

# THE BELMONT CHRONICLE.

## AND FARMERS, MECHANICS, AND MANUFACTURERS' ADVOCATE.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 5, NO. 17.

ST. CLAIRSVILLE, OHIO, FRIDAY, JANUARY 21, 1853.

WHOLE NO. 797

### THE BELMONT CHRONICLE.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,  
BY H. J. HOWARD & H. R. COWEN.

OFFICE ON WEST SIDE OF MARKET ST.  
IMMEDIATELY BELOW THE MARKET HOUSE.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

If paid within three months, \$1.50.  
If paid after that time, \$2.00.  
If paid by the year, \$5.00.  
If paid by the year, \$5.00.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Each square, (11 lines or less) three weeks,  
Every additional insertion, 50 cents.  
Yearly advertisement, \$10.00.  
Half column, \$5.00.  
Quarter column, \$2.50.  
Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

Professional cards \$3 per annum.

the caprice of a hard hearted parent; most have all hopes of future prosperity cut off, must still experience the galling mortification of having a notorious parent constantly at his heels, demanding every cent of his employer, as soon as it becomes due, & for what? merely to gratify the craving of a licentious appetite! This miserable I will leave—no, no, it is my duty to remain and sustain those who are dearer to me than life; for upon me, and only me, depends their present, and future maintenance. Part of the time that is allotted for rest must still be spent by me in correcting mistakes in ledgers, or similar labor, in order that they may subsist. This he knows not of, or he would seek to rob me of this also. But not thus oppressed when I become a man! He shall then see. The scolding world shall no longer call me with their taunts and jeers—for I will rise. This moment has decided my plans for the future; but until then I will suffer on in silence, and discharge my duty, as a son and brother.

He paused; his restless eyes ceased their hurried wanderings, and assumed the soft expression they were wont to; while a holy calm stole softly over his hitherto disturbed mind. He was about to resume his reading, for he felt that the short space which he had set apart from his laborious task, for the cultivation of his mind, should be wholly devoted to that purpose; when a second glance at the street displayed to his view a familiar countenance from an open window of a magnificent building across the way. It was a friend of better days, before adversity's chilling blast had touched his soul. They were both reared in affluence, but now how different their conditions in life! One struggling hard with the grim monster, poverty; the other basking in the genial sunshine of unbounded wealth. Charles Amery felt the change, and in contrasting the present with the past, he was plunged into a deeper melancholy than before; he was soon aroused, however, by high language, coming from the street; he glanced up and down the same, to ascertain the cause, when lo! a sight that made his very soul sick met his view.

At the foot of the street he beheld his father, reeling about, much to the amusement of a group of ill-bred urchins, who were showing forth the same, much to the annoyance of the reeling inebriate, who was venting his fury upon them in vociferous language. The horror-struck youth scarcely had time to command his feelings, when of a sudden, he beheld his wretched parent prostrate full length upon the pavement! Quicker than thought he rushed to his aid, grasped his hat, and was soon upon the spot. He instantly summoned a carriage, & the filthy, bloated wretch was encoined within, and conveyed to his home.

When arrived there, Charles Amery beheld in the supposed insensible form of his parent, a corpse! Nature had ended its utmost, and that last draught had proved fatal—had consumed his mad career.

The bereaved performed the last sad offices for him, whom, during his life, no prayers, tears, no entreaties could save from this terrible fate; and afterwards, removed to a distant city, where, through the efforts of Charles Amery, prosperity was again restored to them.

Years have passed since then, and Charles Amery has arisen to eminence. He never, in recalling the past, regrets the efforts made in the dark and trying hour of adversity.—And now, as his little ones cluster about him, he rehearses to them the sad tale of his past experience, and enjoins upon them to be dutiful.

### ELLEN'S HALF DOLLAR.

A USEFUL LESSON.

Ellen Villiers was the orphan niece of a wealthy farmer, who had commenced the world with no capital but industry. Fortune smiled upon his labors, and he was soon able to purchase for himself a snug farm, upon which he built a neat cottage, and went on year after year, adding tract after tract of land to his wide domains until he could look for miles around on his own possessions.—A little village reared its head amidst a beautiful cluster of elm trees, and owned him as its master, and was also known by his name.

His mother, in early life, selected one from amongst his neighbors, with whom to divide his cares and share his joys; and hand in hand they had journeyed on through life's tedious way, so immersed in the tumult of business as not to perceive the vacancy around them. But at the age of fifty, Mr. Granger found that, notwithstanding the bounteous gifts of Providence, there was a void in his breast; he had no smiling offspring to gather around his knee at dewy eve, no lisping prattler to greet his return.

However he was not long left to moulder over his lonely state; the death of an only sister, at this period, gave to his charge the orphan Ellen, and the old man entered, as it were, upon a new life.

There was no pain that Ellen's presence could not mitigate, no grief she could not assuage. No fears or threats could alarm him, save the fear of losing Ellen, the idol of his hopes, the center of his attractions.

Merry Christmas paid its annual visit to the young folks, and the corner allotted to Ellen for her playhouse groined beneath the tokens deposited there by numerous friends for the purpose of delighting the fancy of the child, or gaining the favor of the wealthy uncle. Among the rest of the gifts was a bright half-dollar, which she turned over and over, and laid it in her work-box.

Christmas sports and pastimes over, the toys and playthings lost their attractions, and Ellen sighed for something new on which to bestow her attention.

She became pleased with a pretty doll which she saw one of her playmates have, and expressed a desire to have one, as she said it cost only a dollar, and she could purchase it at her own expense.

Some moments after this, a neighbor called on Mr. Granger to collect aid in relieving the interperence of her husband; but aid was sternly refused, as the old gentleman said he had but little idea of wasting his substance on drunkenness and idleness.

The friend, unwilling to be put off, continued to plead for the starving wife and helpless children.

Ellen who had been playing behind her uncle, was an attentive observer of all that was passing, and skipping gaily from her hiding place, bounded off with the swiftness of a fawn, and presently returned, putting into the gentleman's hand her shining half-dollar. "Take this," said she, "and buy them bread. See," she continued, "I have all I want and half a dollar too."

"Sweet child," said the gentleman, taking her in his arms, "you are destined to be a blessing to those to whom you are related."

"Take your money, child," said the uncle, "and be assured it has purchased food for the hungry. Your uncle has all he wants, and wherewith to relieve the distressed."

The chilly blasts of winter had begun to whistle around the dwellings of the poor.—The frugal and thrifty farmer was making ample provisions for his winter's store. And Mr. Granger, exact to a letter where his own interest was concerned, looked carefully over his rent-roll, and round some of his tenants at Grangersville in arrears. Bills were accordingly sent in, with strict injunctions that the money should be forthcoming.

On the following morning a poor widow presented herself before her landlord, and, with streaming eyes begged for a little longer indulgence.

But Mr. Granger, not remarkable for lenity, and waried with importunities, declared his intention of seizing the cow if she did not, in a few days, settle the claim.

The poor woman returned home in great distress, as she well knew she could not raise the money, and her cow, which furnished food for her children, must be lost.

In the evening, Mr. Granger took little Ellen on his knee, as was his custom before retiring, but the child did not return his caresses with her usual warmth, which led him to fear she was not well. Upon being interrogated, she replied that she was perfectly well.

After having sat some time upon his lap in deep silence, she looked up kindly in his face and said, "Uncle, you have a great many cows, haven't you?"

"Yes my child," replied Mr. Granger; "I have twelve as fine ones in my pasture as ever a pat went under."

"Then why, Uncle," resumed the child, "will you take Mrs. Green's cow who has but one?"

"Oh!" said Mr. Granger, "I do not want the cow; I shall sell it for the rent that is due for the house she lives in."

"Oh! then Uncle," said the delighted child, "I will buy it; for you know I have a whole half-dollar."

"And what do you want with a cow my darling?" said Mr. Granger, patting her fondly on the head.

"Oh! I should give it to poor Mrs. Green again," said Ellen; "and then you know, little Willie and Mary would not have to eat their bread alone, and go to bed, but can have their nice rich cream and milk for their suppers. I did feel so sorry when you talked of taking their cow, and leaving them nothing but their dry bread!"

A tear was seen to glisten in the old man's eye; at some moments absorbed in deep thought. "Let me learn a lesson," he said, "from this child. I have enough, and more than enough; this poor woman has but a scanty subsistence; and yet I would take her to add to my well-filled purse. I have told all my life like a slave, and have been too narrow-hearted to enjoy the blessings that I have so diligently toiled for. I will from this moment close my accounts and open wide my heart."

"Ellen, my child," he said, "your half-dollar has bought the widow's cow."

And sending himself at his writing-desk, he wrote Mrs. Green a receipt in full, and dispatched a servant with it, that the poor woman might sleep comfortably that night; and the next day several poor families in Grangersville received the same treatment; and the old man often says that Ellen's half-dollar has purchased for him more real enjoyment than all the money he ever spent.

The air ship Ericsson.—We deem it proper to state, as a matter of great importance and universal interest, that the projectors of the grand enterprise of substituting hot air for steam in the propelling of vessels, confidently believed that their last experimental trip establishes their success beyond a doubt.

The performance of the Ericsson on Tuesday, is considered by them entirely conclusive. The vessel went the harbor with the wind and tide at the rate of 14 miles an hour. The engineer allowed the fires to go entirely out while the vessel lay at anchor below. On the following day they were re-kindled and the ship was propelled back against both wind and tide, at the rate of 7 1/2 miles an hour. There were some imperfections in the working of the machinery, arising merely from defective adjustment, or imperfect packing, but nothing that was reckoned as casting any doubt whatever upon the entire and perfect success of the great experiment, with the ship and engine as they now stand.

One hardly knows in what terms to express the expectations that may be entertained of the results that will follow the triumph which is believed to have been achieved. It prefigures a revolution of most interesting and extraordinary character.—N. Y. Trib.

A stranger, in a printing office asked the youngest apprentice what was his rule for punctuation? "I set up as long as I can hold my breath, then I put in a comma; when I gape, I insert a semicolon; and when I want a chew of tobacco, I make a paragraph."

THRILLING NARRATIVE.

We are indebted to a friend, says the New York Times, for the following interesting extracts from a private letter from a lady who went out as a passenger in the steamship Pacific, on her last trip to Liverpool:

STEAMSHIP PACIFIC, in the Channel, Dec. 10, 1852.

We have had a very long passage, and a very rough and boisterous one, with some incidents, which will make us remember it as long as we live. After leaving New York, and getting opposite quarantine, we were obliged to cast anchor, and remain there till Sunday morning (28th November) at 6 a. m. as there was not sufficient water to carry us over the bar. From Sunday until Thursday, (3d December) we had very pleasant weather and a smooth sea. No outburst of being sea-sick, and we enjoyed ourselves very much sitting upon the upper deck.

Still our steamer did not make very rapid progress, owing to bad coal and a very heavy cargo, principally wheat. We have a small number of passengers, and for the most part pleasant people.

On Thursday morning we found the weather had changed decidedly for the worse, the wind blowing a gale, and the ship rolling fearfully. As soon as I attempted to rise I became very sea sick, and most of the passengers were in the same condition.

There were only six at breakfast. From that time until Sunday I was obliged to keep my berth, and suffered very much in many ways.

The gale increased all through Thursday, and on Friday morning it was terrific. Then occurred a scene which I shall never forget. In the first place, my husband came into the stateroom, on his return from breakfast, and informed me that a poor sailor had fallen from the rigging, in the night, and broken his leg. He was quite senseless, and with little hope of recovery; and that the head steward, that morning, had a narrow escape from being washed overboard.

Shortly after he came in again, and said there was a wreck in sight, and that it was the most awful scene he had ever witnessed. The vessel was entirely dismantled, the sea washing completely over it; while the crew—he could count nine—were on the deck, waving to them, and crying to those on board the steamer for assistance. The bark was so near, part of her name could be read; but the sea was running mountains high, and the captain and others feared it would be impossible to render any assistance. They, however, as soon as possible, sent out rockets with ropes attached, but they did not reach the ship.

The poor sailors then cried out "Send us your life-boat," which from the first was thought to be impracticable.

The third officer in command then offered to go in a life-boat, and three of the sailors volunteered to go with him. Of course there was great danger in approaching too near to the wreck, and although the wind was blowing such a tremendous gale, they kept backing the steamer against a heavy sea to keep her in a line with the wreck.

Then the life-boat was got ready, and those brave men went in her to the rescue, if possible, of those unfortunate creatures. Husband went on the upper deck, and stood there clinging to the ropes, watching the whole scene. Some of the time the whole of the wreck was entirely hid from view by the high waves, and the little boat was lost to sight almost all the time. They had great difficulty in getting along side of the wreck, fearing the life-boat would be stove to pieces. Then when they did and the waves took the boat up to the side of the wreck, the poor creatures let go their hold, one by one, and dropped into the boat. There were sixteen souls in all, but no passengers. The bark was the Jennie Dawson, of Irving, Scotland, bound from Quebec to Belfast, laden with lumber. The poor creatures had been in the situation, in which they were found, two days and nights, with the sea washing over them all the time. Two or three of them were becoming quite insensible, and had to be pushed over into the boat.

### A TRAGEDY ON THE GLACIERS.

Two of the most adventurous chamois hunters in Switzerland have just lost their lives at the glacier of Argentiere, under circumstances peculiarly distressing. Mr. Carrier, resident of this place, went out a few mornings ago, with his son, a lad of 19 years, to hunt marmots. The father had discovered a burrow such as marmots are accustomed to dig, and laying himself on the ground, face downward, began to enlarge the entrance, hoping to take the animal at the bottom. Suddenly a large quantity of dirt fell on him, and he was unable to rise. He called to his son, who crept in after him, and tried in vain to extricate his father from the load which was pressing upon him. While thus engaged, a second slip of earth took place and covered both, lying on the back of his father. His last words were full of filial affection and anxiety for his parent. Three long days and nights, without food or light, far from all human aid, unable to move, and with the corpse of his son on his back, did Mr. Carrier lie in this place until his friends, who had come out in search of the lost hunters, found him at the point of death. The unhappy sufferer only lived long enough to communicate these particulars, and died while his friends were carrying him home.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

ANECDOTE OF MR. CLAY.—A highly respectable Baptist minister of Kentucky, still living, related to us the following anecdote: He had just commenced preaching, and had for a few years been married and house-keeping. He was in humble circumstances, and of a limited education—modest and retiring to a fault. It was with great difficulty that he could summon resolution to address a congregation. Mr. Clay, in the discharge of his duty as a lawyer, came to the neighborhood of our informant, ("Clover Bottom," Woodworth Co.), to have surveys made of some land then in litigation. He was accompanied by another lawyer of note. They made the humble cabin of Bro. B. their home. On the first night they staid with him, our brother was reduced to great extremity. He was in the habit of holding family worship morning and evening; but he trembled at the thought of doing so in the presence of guests so distinguished as Mr. C. and his friend. His little children were becoming sleepy, and his wife, by significant gestures, suggested that the time for prayer had come. Bro. B. hinted to his guests that perhaps "they would choose a bed." But Mr. Clay, with great politeness said "that he did not feel at all sleepy, and that unless it was intrusive, would be happy to enjoy his society longer."

Of course Bro. B. could not object. Still the matter of prayer could not be postponed without sending his children to bed in advance, which was contrary to his settled principles of procedure. At last, with considerable trepidation, he stated to Mr. Clay and his friend what was his custom, and said that they could stay and unite with his family in their devotions, or retire at their option. Mr. Clay promptly and with some feeling replied, "that they would remain by all means—the earliest recollections of life were associated with such exercises—that his father was a Baptist minister, and his mother was still a member of that communion, and that they had taught him to reverence the institutions of religion, and that none more so than family worship."

Bro. B. then proceeded with his wonted exercises, but with much fear and trembling. He says that he never felt so much embarrassed in his life. When the season of prayer was passed, Mr. Clay approached him and said:

"Mr. B. never again feel the least hesitation in the discharge of your duty to God on account of the presence of men. I saw your embarrassment, and remained on purpose that you might never feel it again. Remember, my dear sir, that every man of sense will respect the individual, who is not ashamed to acknowledge his dependence upon his maker; and he deserves only contempt who can cherish any other feelings than reverence for the consecrated hour of man in audience with the Deity." And what are myself and friend here but frail and feeble mortals like you and your little children—indebted for all that we are to the great fountain of good, and dependent on Him for every blessing of life! We and you are destined to the same grave and to the same final retribution. The king upon his throne, and the beggar in his rags, are the same in the eyes of the Omnipotent. Think of this, Mr. B. and you will never hesitate again to engage in prayer to God on account of the presence of men. I saw your embarrassment, and remained on purpose that you might never feel it again. Remember, my dear sir, that every man of sense will respect the individual, who is not ashamed to acknowledge his dependence upon his maker; and he deserves only contempt who can cherish any other feelings than reverence for the consecrated hour of man in audience with the Deity." And what are myself and friend here but frail and feeble mortals like you and your little children—indebted for all that we are to the great fountain of good, and dependent on Him for every blessing of life! We and you are destined to the same grave and to the same final retribution. The king upon his throne, and the beggar in his rags, are the same in the eyes of the Omnipotent. Think of this, Mr. B. and you will never hesitate again to engage in prayer to God on account of the presence of men. I saw your embarrassment, and remained on purpose that you might never feel it again. Remember, my dear sir, that every man of sense will respect the individual, who is not ashamed to acknowledge his dependence upon his maker; and he deserves only contempt who can cherish any other feelings than reverence for the consecrated hour of man in audience with the Deity." And what are myself and friend here but frail and feeble mortals like you and your little children—indebted for all that we are to the great fountain of good, and dependent on Him for every blessing of life! We and you are destined to the same grave and to the same final retribution. The king upon his throne, and the beggar in his rags, are the same in the eyes of the Omnipotent. Think of this, Mr. B. and you will never hesitate again to engage in prayer to God on account of the presence of men. I saw your embarrassment, and remained on purpose that you might never feel it again. Remember, my dear sir, that every man of sense will respect the individual, who is not ashamed to acknowledge his dependence upon his maker; and he deserves only contempt who can cherish any other feelings than reverence for the consecrated hour of man in audience with the Deity." And what are myself and friend here but frail and feeble mortals like you and your little children—indebted for all that we are to the great fountain of good, and dependent on Him for every blessing of life! We and you are destined to the same grave and to the same final retribution. The king upon his throne, and the beggar in his rags, are the same in the eyes of the Omnipotent. Think of this, Mr. B. and you will never hesitate again to engage in prayer to God on account of the presence of men. I saw your embarrassment, and remained on purpose that you might never feel it again. Remember, my dear sir, that every man of sense will respect the individual, who is not ashamed to acknowledge his dependence upon his maker; and he deserves only contempt who can cherish any other feelings than reverence for the consecrated hour of man in audience with the Deity." And what are myself and friend here but frail and feeble mortals like you and your little children—indebted for all that we are to the great fountain of good, and dependent on Him for every blessing of life! We and you are destined to the same grave and to the same final retribution. The king upon his throne, and the beggar in his rags, are the same in the eyes of the Omnipotent. Think of this, Mr. B. and you will never hesitate again to engage in prayer to God on account of the presence of men. I saw your embarrassment, and remained on purpose that you might never feel it again. Remember, my dear sir, that every man of sense will respect the individual, who is not ashamed to acknowledge his dependence upon his maker; and he deserves only contempt who can cherish any other feelings than reverence for the consecrated hour of man in audience with the Deity." And what are myself and friend here but frail and feeble mortals like you and your little children—indebted for all that we are to the great fountain of good, and dependent on Him for every blessing of life! We and you are destined to the same grave and to the same final retribution. The king upon his throne, and the beggar in his rags, are the same in the eyes of the Omnipotent. Think of this, Mr. B. and you will never hesitate again to engage in prayer to God on account of the presence of men. I saw your embarrassment, and remained on purpose that you might never feel it again. Remember, my dear sir, that every man of sense will respect the individual, who is not ashamed to acknowledge his dependence upon his maker; and he deserves only contempt who can cherish any other feelings than reverence for the consecrated hour of man in audience with the Deity." And what are myself and friend here but frail and feeble mortals like you and your little children—indebted for all that we are to the great fountain of good, and dependent on Him for every blessing of life! We and you are destined to the same grave and to the same final retribution. The king upon his throne, and the beggar in his rags, are the same in the eyes of the Omnipotent. Think of this, Mr. B. and you will never hesitate again to engage in prayer to God on account of the presence of men. I saw your embarrassment, and remained on purpose that you might never feel it again. Remember, my dear sir, that every man of sense will respect the individual, who is not ashamed to acknowledge his dependence upon his maker; and he deserves only contempt who can cherish any other feelings than reverence for the consecrated hour of man in audience with the Deity." And what are myself and friend here but frail and feeble mortals like you and your little children—indebted for all that we are to the great fountain of good, and dependent on Him for every blessing of life! We and you are destined to the same grave and to the same final retribution. The king upon his throne, and the beggar in his rags, are the same in the eyes of the Omnipotent. Think of this, Mr. B. and you will never hesitate again to engage in prayer to God on account of the presence of men. I saw your embarrassment, and remained on purpose that you might never feel it again. Remember, my dear sir, that every man of sense will respect the individual, who is not ashamed to acknowledge his dependence upon his maker; and he deserves only contempt who can cherish any other feelings than reverence for the consecrated hour of man in audience with the Deity." And what are myself and friend here but frail and feeble mortals like you and your little children—indebted for all that we are to the great fountain of good, and dependent on Him for every blessing of life! We and you are destined to the same grave and to the same final retribution. The king upon his throne, and the beggar in his rags, are the same in the eyes of the Omnipotent. Think of this, Mr. B. and you will never hesitate again to engage in prayer to God on account of the presence of men. I saw your embarrassment, and remained on purpose that you might never feel it again. Remember, my dear sir, that every man of sense will respect the individual, who is not ashamed to acknowledge his dependence upon his maker; and he deserves only contempt who can cherish any other feelings than reverence for the consecrated hour of man in audience with the Deity." And what are myself and friend here but frail and feeble mortals like you and your little children—indebted for all that we are to the great fountain of good, and dependent on Him for every blessing of life! We and you are destined to the same grave and to the same final retribution. The king upon his throne, and the beggar in his rags, are the same in the eyes of the Omnipotent. Think of this, Mr. B. and you will never hesitate again to engage in prayer to God on account of the presence of men. I saw your embarrassment, and remained on purpose that you might never feel it again. Remember, my dear sir, that every man of sense will respect the individual, who is not ashamed to acknowledge his dependence upon his maker; and he deserves only contempt who can cherish any other feelings than reverence for the consecrated hour of man in audience with the Deity." And what are myself and friend here but frail and feeble mortals like you and your little children—indebted for all that we are to the great fountain of good, and dependent on Him for every blessing of life! We and you are destined to the same grave and to the same final retribution. The king upon his throne, and the beggar in his rags, are the same in the eyes of the Omnipotent. Think of this, Mr. B. and you will never hesitate again to engage in prayer to God on account of the presence of men. I saw your embarrassment, and remained on purpose that you might never feel it again. Remember, my dear sir, that every man of sense will respect the individual, who is not ashamed to acknowledge his dependence upon his maker; and he deserves only contempt who can cherish any other feelings than reverence for the consecrated hour of man in audience with the Deity." And what are myself and friend here but frail and feeble mortals like you and your little children—indebted for all that we are to the great fountain of good, and dependent on Him for every blessing of life! We and you are destined to the same grave and to the same final retribution. The king upon his throne, and the beggar in his rags, are the same in the eyes of the Omnipotent. Think of this, Mr. B. and you will never hesitate again to engage in prayer to God on account of the presence of men. I saw your embarrassment, and remained on purpose that you might never feel it again. Remember, my dear sir, that every man of sense will respect the individual, who is not ashamed to acknowledge his dependence upon his maker; and he deserves only contempt who can cherish any other feelings than reverence for the consecrated hour of man in audience with the Deity." And what are myself and friend here but frail and feeble mortals like you